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Jas. H. Perry.

THE TEXAS REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME I. BRAZORIA, SATURDAY APRIL 4, 1835. NUMBER 31.

Curators Notice.

BY a decree of the proper Judge for the jurisdiction of Austin, passed on the 29 the day of December, 1834, in the town of San Felipe, and to be found on record at the court house in this town the 10th day of April next has been appointed for the creditors of the succession of *Lewis L.* Veeder, deceased, to meet the Curator of said succession before the judge in the first instance for this jurisdiction, to have their respective claims discussed, and make proof of the same, and in order that all may be heard, they can continue from day to day from the 10th to the 20th day of the said month of April, and further by the same decree before named, the 20th day of April next, has been appointed for therefore named curator to settle said succession before mentioned, make payment and distribution of the means on hand amongst the creditors thereof accordingly as they may be classed, for their "PRO RATA" shares—Therefore all persons interested can attend if they think proper—

I. R. LEWIS Curator

San Felipe de Austin, February 16, 1835

Notice.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he is now prepared to do all kind of black smith work on moderate terms for cash or approved notes payable on or before the 1st day of May next. All persons indebted will please call and settle their accounts, contracted in the years 1833 and 1834, otherwise their accounts will be found in the proper hand for collection, and all those having demands against him will present the same for settlement.

f14-25 3t.

G. LOGAN

ALL persons indebted to the subscriber are requested to make immediate payment, as further indulgence will not be given.

M. W. SMITH.

j17-21

Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the estate of James J. Ross, will make immediate payment to the undersigned, and those having claims against said estate will present them duly authenticated within the time prescribed by law, or they will be barred.

OLIVER JONES, Adm'r.

San Felipe, Jan. 24, 1835.

MISCELLANY.

From the Lowell Times

ONE DAY AND A HALF

IN THE LIFE OF A TOBACCO CHEWER

MR. EDITOR—Do you chew Tobacco? I did till last Sunday, [illegible] practice. The why and wherefore I [illegible] guilty of using the Indian [illegible] means of reforming you.

Saturday Oct. 19th 1833.—Took my hat for a walk, wife, as [illegible] messages, upon seeing me [illegible] call at cousin M——'s and bor[row] [illegible] The Sorrows of Werter. Hate to have wife read such [illegible] but must humour her whims, & concluded [illegible] she would take pleasure over Werter's sorrows, [illegible] employing her tongue in making sorrow for your humble [servant].

[illegible] cousin M——'s door. Now cousin M is an old maid—and [illegible] Like a tidy woman well enough, but [illegible] because I am always in *dread* [illegible] their superlative neat[ness] [illegible] on the sole of my boot, or such matter.

Walked in—delivered my message, and seated myself in one of [illegible] bottom chairs while she rummaged the book case. For [illegible] my cavendish before I entered, and while she [illegible] I felt the tide rising. No spit box in the room. Windows closed. Floor carpeted. Stove varnished. I looked to the fire place—all [illegible] with Spanish brown. Here [illegible] accumulating. [illegible] were [illegible] flood the carpet [illegible] my misery, [illegible] this book, Mr [illegible] from the bot[tom] of a well, while I wished book, [illegible] were with Pha[raoh's] host in the Red Sea. "How do you like it?" continued the indefatigable querist. I threw my head to the back of the chair and mouth upwards, to p[revent] overflow—Pretty well," [illegible] she at last found the Sorrows of Werter," and came to[wards] me. [illegible] your head on the back of the chair [illegible] take off all the [illegible] I could not answer [illegible] lost the power of [illegible] those of a toad [illegible] mushroom. [illegible] persevering tormen[tor] [illegible] "You are sick, I [illegible] and be[illegible] my disten[ded] [illegible] was closed [illegible] the orifices [illegible] places [illegible] hartshorn created [illegible]

[illegible] and hearts ache [illegible] relieved my pro[illegible] disgorged" from my mouth restored me [illegible] of speech. Her eyes followed me [illegible] astonishment—and I returned and relieved my embarrassment [illegible] conscience. [illegible] I had been trying [illegible] toothache by the temporary use of tobacco—while [truth to tell], I never had an aching fang in my head. I went home [illegible]

Sunday forenoon.—Friend A——— invited myself and wife to take a seat with him to hear the celebrated Mr ———preach. Conducted by neighbor A———to his pew. Mouth as usual full of tobacco? and horror of horrors, found the pew elegantly carpetted, white and green—two or three mahogany crickets, and a hat stand—but no spit box!! The services commenced—every peal on the organ was answered by an internal *appeal* from my mouth for a deliberation from its contents—but the thing was impossible. I thought of using my hat for a spit box—then of turning one of the crickets over—but I could do nothing unperceived. I took out my handkerchief, but found in the plenitude of her officiousness, that my wife had placed one of her white cambrics in my pocket instead of my bandanna. Here was a dilemma. By the time the preacher had named his text, my cheeks had reached their utmost tension, and I must spit or die.

I arose, seized my hat, and made for the door. My wife, (confound these women, how they dog one about,) imagining me unwell, (she might have known better,) got up and followed me "are you unwell, Oliver?" said she, as the door closed after us. I answered her by putting out the eyes of an unlucky dog, with a flood of expressed essence of cavendish. "I wish," said she, "Mr. A———had a spit box in his pew." "So do I." We footed it home in moody silence. I was so sorry my wife had lost the sermon, but how could I help it. These women are so affectionate—confound them—no I dont mean so. But she might have known what ailed me, and kept her seat.

Tobacco, oh Tobacco, But the deeds of that day are not all told yet. After the conclussion of the services, along came Farmer Ploughshare. He had seen me go out of church and stopped at the open window where I sat. 'Sick to-day, Mr'———" Rather unwell," answered I, and there was another lie to place to the account of Tobacco. "We had powerful preaching; Mr———, powerful preaching, sorry you had to go out." My wife asked him in—and in he comes—she might have known he would—but women must be so polite. But she was the sufferer by it. Compliments over I gave him my chair at the open window. Down he sat, and fumbling in his pockets drew forth a formidable plug of Tobacco, and comenced untwisting it. "Then you use Tobacco." said I. "A *leetle*, occasionally," said he, depositing from three to four inches in his cheek. (I mentally pitied those who used more.) "A neat fence that of your'n," as flood after flood from his mouth bespattered a newly painted white fence near the window. "Yes," said I, "but I like a darker color." "So do I," answered Ploughshare, "and yaller suits my notion. It don't show dirt," And he moistened my carpet with his favorite color. Good, thought I, wife will ask him in I guess. We were now summoned to dinner,, Farmer Ploughshare seated himself. I saw his long fingers, in that particular position in which a tobacco chewer knows how to put his digits, when about to unlaid. He drew them across his mouth, I trembled for the consequences, should he throw such a load upon the hearth or the floor. But he had no intention thus to waste his quid, and shocking to relate—*deposited it beside his plate on my wife's damask cloth!*

This was too much. I plead sickness and rose. There was no lie in the assertion now, I was sick. I retired from the table—but my departure did not discompose Farmer Ploughshare, who was unconscious of having done wrong. I returned in season to see Farmer Ploughshare replace his quid in his mouth to undergo a second mastication, and the church bell opportunely ringing called him away before he could use his plate for a spit box—for such, I was pursuaded, would have been his next motion.

I went up stairs, and throwing myself on the bed fell asleep. Dreams of inundations, floods, and fire, harrassed me, I thought I was burning, and smoked like a cigar. I then thought the Merrimack had burst its banks, and was about to overflow me with its waters. I could not escape, the water had reached my chin, I tasted it, it was like tobacco juice. I coughed and screamed, and awaking, found I had been asleep with a quid in my mouth. My wife entering at the moment I threw away the filthy weed. Huz, if I were you, I would not use that stuff any more."

"I wont,' said I. Since Sunday I have kept my word. Neither Fig nor Twist, Pigtail nor Cavendish have passed my lips since, nor ever shall they again.

[*From the Franklin Western Review.*]

MATHIAS THE PROPHET.

ALMOST A MIRACLE.—On Wednesday last, in the forenoon, it is known perhaps, generally, that the state circuit court was to assemble at Bedford, in West Chester county, among other things for the procurement of an indictment against, and the trial of Robert Mathias, as an accessary to the murder of Elijah Pierson.

As the court could not organize or proceed to action, in consequence of the indisposition of Judge Ruggles, the prophet Mathias was suffered to instruct the hastily assembled audience outside of the courthouse, in new and authodoxical doctrines of his oracular belief.—The situation of the localities of the neighborhood, was favorable to his purpose, as there was a large grave yard near the spot, behind which, rose an almost perpendicular acclivity of rocks like the palisadoes of the Hudson, frowning frightfully over the "canonized bones" of the dead. As Mathias was sermonizing with almost superhuman energy on the correctness of his opinions, and the divinity of his creed, he turned suddenly around and pointing to the rocky stalactites that overshadoved "the charnel houses," he raised his voice and cried out with an alarming emphasis, '*I can destroy the mountain,*" and almost in a instant, the apparently solid structure gave way, and the colossal mass was precipitated into the valley below, covering the graves and splitting more than one hundred tons of the massive pile.—A loud scream of alarm arose, one lady fainted with affright and the whole auditory were overcome with wonder, when Mathias, turning suddenly round and pointing to the prostrate mountain, told his hearers not to be alarmed, for that was nothing compared to what he could do, and they should not be hurt. This incident which was purely natural will no doubt be used to impress on the minds of the credulous, the man who is to be tried for murder, and to create a belief in his superhuman powers.

COMMUNICATION.

For the Texas Republican.

ODD CRUMBS—FROM A BACHELOR'S JOURNAL—No. 1.

NEVER *was* a more delicious sunset—the ramparts of heaven seem hung with gorgeous sunbeams of purble and gold! *but this is romance*—what makes me so sentimental all at once? Oh! I remember.—About an hour ago, I took my gun and strolled into the woods, so, after forgetting what led me there, I seated myself on the gnarled root of a live oak—rested my "double barreled" against its trunk, and wandered through the rich domains of my memorya juggler would be puzzled to note the glimpses of buried hours," "which flashed on the eye of fancy" there, in mingled confusion and beauty, came the pap and spoon and rattlebox of infancy—the whip, hoop, and top of childhood—rainy Saturday's when I wished them pleasant, and pleasant Monday's when I wished them rainy—the free games of ball and marbles on the smooth ground, when the sun was sinking, and his level rays flung long solemn shadows on the earth—then came the school room—and the master's *ferula*—and the delicate, but ominous birch—the countenances of my companions—the cuts and carving on the desks, rude mementoes of "*knives that were,*" and for which, many a juvenile devil has been made to tingle—I could even remembr the *smell* of the cleanly swept room, when on some bright April mor-

ning, the windows were lifted, and the fragrance of flowers—the chirps of birds, and yellow streaks of sunlight came in.—Oh! the nosegay of lilacs and roses and apple blossoms, I used to present to my little sweethearts, (for every boy has his mistress, as truly as in after life,) and there by the sides of their inkstands, or stuck in little holes in the desks, I could discover my bouquets attracting their attention during school hours.—How early our vanity may be flattered—even at that early age, a smile at me across the school house, or a stolen glance at my flowers, rendered me as happy as I have ever been since, by the fondest caress of woman. Oh, what freshness and beauty dwell in the feelings of childhood.

I remember once, when a mere child of seven or eight years, there was a young lady of sixteen, Miss C. attending the school where I was placed—one of the most dignified and beautiful girls imaginable—her hair fell in clouds over a brow of unutterable brilliance, and I can recollect, that even at that time, her eloquent eyes made my senses ache—her elegance will always live in "memory, that ark on time's bereaving sea."—One morning, as I was passing through an entry into the scholars' room, I encountered her—now I do not think I ever was a pretty boy, but I was pale, and delicate as a flower-stalk—she suffered her long white fingers to steal through my sunny hair, and requested of me a nosegay, I had both my little hands full of flowers, that I might supply the wants of all favorites—I looked up in her face—I saw her dark eye dilate as she gave one smile—I forgot time—place—every thing—I reflected not, that I had promised others, no, I held out both hands, and gave her all, the feeling which caused that gift, would prompt me to bestow a principality, (if within my grasp,) on her who might win my love now—she received my present—my all—I do not remember that I said any thing—(I was a modest boy, and am bashful to this day,) but went into the literary synagogue, as perfect blind and unconscious of things around, as if I had sent my head to somebody.

I took my seat regardless of the sorrowful pouting looks of those whose hopes I had disappointed by my prodigality towards another—there I sat motionless and mute like a marble statue, gazing at her placid features—[illegible], when her voice came out in recitation, listening to it, enraptured with its tone, and half fascinated by the sounds of abstruser science than I then understood—she seemed like a habitant of the heaven speaking in the music and [illegible] language of the stars. I suffered the ferula *twice* that day, for looking off my book, as I received the first punishment, I stole a glance at her, she gave me a consoling smile, the tingle departed from my palm and the tears from mine eyes, I inwardly blessed the torture which had moved her compassion, "out of the gall, came sweetness."

Afterward, she noticed me, pleased with my childish prattle perhaps, and thus unwittingly nurtured that, which has tinged my whole life with romance, in her presence I was happy, I was seen no more on the play ground, I split my tops, and gave away my ball, she told me, that to run, was vulgar, and I have never gone out of a walk since.

Some times at the mellow sunset, we rambled in the garden, & as her hand held mine, some involuntary pressure would thrill my young blood, I suppose she struck "the electric chain, wherewith we are darkly bound."

Months passed, and she left school—"one morn I missed her" in the accustomed place, from that hour my spirit pined, and I became so thin, that my parents could not discern my shadow—speculation was afloat as to the cause of my decline, it has never been divulged until now.

* * * * * * *

I saw her no more for some years, when I *did* meet her, she was married, and I, just entering on the delights of female society, & just being immured within the cloisters of *Alma Mater*. She moves in *town*; a plannet among inferior stars, the peak of fashion—and a model of elegance, and the adored of polished circles.

Full often since the beautious gleam she flung over my existence, have I longed to breathe to heaven the tale of my infantile love, she knows it not, and never will, she could not now realize the depth and intensity of that early passion. She will pass on like others, unconscious of the love she fosters, and the ravages she made in my heart; I can never forget her, she tinged the first rainbow which feeling bent over the fountains of my bosom, & however I may be affected by the beauty or brilliancy of others, she, the strange stirrer of my purile devotion, will ever shine pre-eminent as the luminary of my life; she has made me what I am—a BACHELOR.

..*.

THE REPUBLICAN

BRAZORIA, APRIL 4, 1835

France and the United States—Our last accounts from the U. States, leaves very little doubt of a war between the U. States and France. It is stated that France has re-called her Minister from Washington, and also given Mr. Livingston his passport, who is now on his way home.

—o—

There was a report current in the U. States, that Benton of Missouri, had been killed in a duel by Calhoun. The report however had been contradicted.

—o—

THE TWO BRIDEGROOMS.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

THE sun went down on the plains of Palestine, tinging with a redder hue the dark stains of the battle. The infidel had retired: and the field, from whence but a little time before the clang of arms went up into the still skies of Syria, where the brazen helmet and the pale crescent gave back their double flood of sunlight—and where the chivalrous lances of Christendom bore down the infidel scimetar, lay silent beneath the darkness—save when some stifled groan, or muttered prayer of the dying, told that the work of death was yet unfinished.

Bravely had Rupert Merton and his bosom friend, the young Knight of Anselm, borne themselves in the terrible strife of that day. But the last struggle—just as the vast sea of turbans and scimetars rolled backward from the fierce onset of the Christian chivalry, they had been separated from each other; and Rupert, with a boding heart discovered that his friend was not among the weary and warspent soldiers who gathered together in the Syrian twilight, with those mingled emotions of pain and triumph, which victory, attained only by bitter sacrifices must always inspire—He turned away from the congratulations of his knightly bretheren, and sought the bloody scene of the recent encounter.

Fearful were the sights and sounds that pained the senses of Rupert Merton as he stole watchfully among the ghastly wrecks of the death-grapple. On one hand lay the tall and graceful form of the Moslem, with his Brazen helmet and light armor, and on the other the stalwart Knight of Christendom, girded in his cumbrous armor, like a thrown-down statue of iron with his cross-handled sword still grasped in a hand which might never more lift its heavy gauntlet. The writhing forms of the dying are around him—their gastly countenances turned upwards to the dim twilight—with here and there a friend bending anxiously over them. Rupert hurried onward. A low moan at his side at lenght arrested his attention. He paused, and by the dim light he saw the familiar countenance of his friend. The helmet was off—and there was a ghastly paleness in the features, which faintly smiled upon him Robert of Anselm had fallen.

Rupert knelt at his side. The wounded man rallying his last energies, murmered faintly—'Merton, tell me ladylove how I have fallen. Let her know that her knight died in his armor as a knight should die'. There was a struggle on his gastly features—his lips moved—the ear of Rupert listened in vain.

"Peace be to thee, valiant knight!" said Rupert Merton, as he rose from bending over the inanimate form of his friend—a braver never laid lance in rest, and an worthier never knelt at the shrine of beauty!" And he left him to the loneliness of the gathering night which now hung over the battle field with the darkness of funeral pall.

* * * * * *

Two years had passed away, and one of England's pleasant villages was enlivened with the gaiety and splendor of a merry bridal. It was the bridal of Rupert Merton, to the lady love of Robert of Anselm—the knight who fell with a good sword in hand and in his armor on, in the wars of Europe.

Marvel not, reader, that the betrothed of Anselm should so soon yield herself to the addresses of another. Did she forget her lover—the good knight who had borne her name on his helmet through the reddest fields of Palestine? Did she cease to remember him, who had laid at her feet the wrested sword and conquered banner of his enemies—whose armor she had herself laced for its first trial—aim at the mention of whose name her heart had beat prouder, and for whose return she had looked forward with the anxiety of love? Never! She had wept sadly at the story of his fall—glorious as it was—she had offered to many a shrine, prayers for the noble spirit which had passed away forever. But tears may not always flow—the fountains which have been unsealed by the rude hand of affliction may close again. So it was with the lady Eleanor. The tide of agony settled down into the calm melancholy of a spirit sanctified and *made better by the trial of grief*. And, when she knew that the early love of Rupert Merton—a love which his friendship for Robert of Anselm had checked in its revelations—still remained strong in his bosom, she listened to his words of affection, consolation and symphaty. And she gave her plighted troth to the dearest friend of her dearest love.

They stood up together before the Altar of the village church and the multitude gazed on them with gratified eagerness. Both were pale—there was a melancholy on their features that told how deeply they had both tasted of the bitter fountains of existence. But in the noble bearing of Rupert, and in the chastened beauty of his lovely partner, those who looked on them found much to admire, and a whisper of delight ran around the assembly for one moment, and then, as the imposing ceremony commenced, all became silent once more, in breathless attention.

A clatter of hoofs, as if a horseman were hurrying with the speed of the life and death, startled the assemblage. The next moment the tall form of a knight in armor darkened the door of the church. The multitude gave way before his hasty and fierce strides. 'Hold!' he exclaimed in the loud tone of command—that lady is my bethrothed bride. Eleanor I abjure thee, remember thee now—break it not for a false traitor!"

All started, and Rupert laid his hand on his sword 'Sir Knight,' he said sternly—the hot blood rushing up to his pale face, 'another time thou shalt be fitly answered, if it so prove that thou art worthy of knightly dealing.' And he turned again to the priest at the altar.

The eyes of the stranger shone like fire beneath the bars of his vizor. 'Rupert Merton!' he shouted, in fierce and loud voice, 'let the ceremony be stayed, or the sanctuary of the living God shall not protect thee!',

'Dastard' returned Merton, conveying his trembling bride to the hand of his kinsman, and confronting the intruder, 'Rupert Merton asks no other protection save his own good sword. If thou hast the spirit of a knight, follow me!'

They strode through the church aisle together, and in another moment the quick clash of steell rang sharply in the ears of the horror stricken assembly. The struggle was short, but desperate. Reckless of his own life each seemed only to seek that of his enemy. Rupert, covered with wounds, reeled forward and grasped the throat of his enemy, with that fierce strength with which passion lends to the last struggle of existence. His glaring eye blazed widly open as he passed his sword like lighting through the the body of the stranger. It was a fatal blow. Both fell at the same instant: and when the multitude gathered around them they were dead!

'Unhelm the stranger,' said the priest, as with a shudder he surveyed the death forms before him. The hamlet was unbound; and the haughty and dark features of Robert of Anselm were disclosed, features familiar with many who were present, although settled into the grimness of death. The knight of Anselm has recovered from his wounds; he had escaped from the captivity of the infidel, and sought his own loved England, the home of his betrothed, to die by the hand of Rupert Morton!

'May God deal in mercy with their fierce spirits!' said the priest in a trembling voice. And the people murmered, amen

The lady Elanor died in the cell of a convent, after living for years with a withered heart and weary spirit—that cold, dull toper of despair, which is broken only by the releasing touch of death.

SWAIMS PANACEA

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE—A supply of SWAIMS PANACEA.—

EDMUND ANDREWS.

Brazroia, March 6th, 1835.

From the Green River Kentucky Gaz

THE HARP OF THE MIND

The cultivated human mind is much like a beautiful instrument curiously strung with a pleasing variety of chords, the principal of which are knowledge, faith, hope and charity—when these are all in sweet tune with each other, let goodness of thought and action, with skilful hand, softly touch with lively fingers the thrilling strings and it wakes up the purest tones of heavenly music in the heart.

Yet, this same mysteriously, and beautifully arranged instrument, the *mind*, which, with virtuous care, the Wise Builder has made susceptible of the sweetest music and purest pleasures, is likewise capable of giving the harshest and most grating sounds, and of feeling the most acute distress from the rude stroke of wickedness. It is sin that throws the mind into such painful discords—it is the evil passions which break the tender strings, slacken the finer emotions of the heart—it is vice that deadens the lively and sweet vibrations of the soul, it is a long course of wickedness that bursts string after string, until the heart is left without a single chord, on which the music of peace and bliss can be made.

See you that beautiful Harp, curiously wrought, finely strung, and harmoniously turned? What sweet, enchanting tones once breathed from it—but see again—'tis broken—its elegance and beauty are defaced, its tuneful strings are snapped asunder, it is a mere wreck, for a rude savage found it and tore it to pieces

Oh! *this* is an emblem of that cultivated mind, where pure principles and beautiful sentiments once reigned, which was *once* the seat of all the noble and heaven born graces, but not which the blighting power of sin has stamped his odious image

The mind is a more delicate instrument than any which can be wrought from wood, brass or silver. It is worthy of more constant care than lute or harp. See how careful, how choice, *how very choice* the skilful musician is of his favorite instrument. O, youth! how more choice and careful ought you to be of the harp of thy soul! To keep that in sweet and peaceful tune, is of infinite importance.

Then listen to the voice of Wisdom, "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of Life", keep thy heart in tune let the chords of thy soul, *knowledge*, faith hope and charity, be kept in harmony, and yours will be the sweetest music of bliss in life, and the purest and sublimest joy and peace at its close.

—o—

"Why don't you wear your ring, my dear?" said a father to his daughter.—"Because, papa, it hurts me when any body squeezes my hand." "What business have you to have your hand squeezed?" 'Certainly none but still, you know, papa, one would like to keep it in squeezable order!"

—o—

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—*A new definition*—A young lady being lately on an examination as to her proficiency in the science of Grammar, was asked why the noun *bachelor* is singular, she replied with great apparent candor, "Because it is very singular that they don't get *married*."

—o—

Honors to the Dead.—When the body of Commodore *Decatur* was placed in the vault of Mr. Barlow, (now Col Bomford's) at Kalorame, and when the multitude which accompanied the funeral had dispersed, he observed a solitary individual, in a sailor's dress, lingering near the place. He walked up to him, and asked him what he wanted, the sailor replied 'that he only wished to look a while at the place where they laid the *mainmast* of the Navy!" and walked off. Who could have spoken a bettes eulogy? It was the eloquence of nature and of truth.

It is said that a cord of green wood contains about 140 gallons of water, and that the heat required to evaporate this water would raise 13 hogsheads of water to a boiling heat. Ergo—burning green wood cannot be good economy—except for back logs?

Second Sale of Lots

IN THE TOWN OF MO TEZUMA.

AT THE REAL HEAD OF TIDE NAVIGATION.

THERE will be a second sale of the Lots in the above town, on the 4th day of July next.

The subscriber would respectfully call the attention of the public to the above town. Possessing all the advantages of locality—it being the nearest point to San Felipe, at which boats of any size can get, & being in one of the richest parts of Texas, it cannot be doubted that it will be the place of business on the Brazos. It has the advantage of two miles fronting the river clear of inundation; and only 400 yards from the prairie. The subscriber has two leagues of well timbered land in the vicinity, the use of which he will give to purchasers, for two years to make improvements with. It also has a fine mill seat one mile and a half distant.

The subscriber intends giving a dinner on the day of sale to which the public are invited.

T. J. ALSBERRY.

Montezuma, April 2d, 1835

THE subscriber has just received a fresh supply of groceries, consisting of Cognac brandy, Madeira Wine Sugar, Coffee Tea, &c &c—And a large assortment of Hats, Boots, Shoes, and ready made clothing, which he offers cheap by wholesale—

EDMUND ANDREWS

Brazoria, March 6th 1835.

Administrator's notice

ALL persons indebted to the estate of James Turner, deceased are requested to come forward and settle the same; and all those having claims against said estate, will present them within the time prescribed by law, or they will be barred: as I am desirous of settling the same at the next session of the court.

j21 22 ISAAC TINSLEY, Adm'r

To the Public.

THE object of this is to contradict any report that may have gone forth calculated to injure the feelings or standing of any person in regard to a sum of money which I supposed to have been lost at the tavern of Robert Clokey, in Velasco. The money was in my pocket book enveloped in a letter, where I had put it, but forgetting that I had done so, I supposed it to be lost: I regret exceedingly that suspicion rested for one moment on any person, and am proud to have it in my power to say that they were utterly unfounded. U. J. BULLOCK.

Notice.

LETTERS of administration having been granted to the undersigned for the estate of Jesse Thompson dec'd. all those indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment; and those having claims agains the same must present the same within twelve months or they will be barred.

HIRAM M. THOMPSON,

San Eelipe, Dec 20-20 Curator.

ROWANDS TONIC MIXTURE.

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE:—A large assortment of ROWAND'S TONIC MIXTURE, a LASTING CURE FOR THE FEVER AND AGUE.

d20-18-3t EDMUND ANDREWS.

Attorney at Law.

I. N. MORELAND will attend to any business entrusted to him—his office is in Liberty, on the Trinity river.

Reference—W. H. Sledge, Jno. Chaffin, } Columbia.
J: S. D. Byrom, Brazoria,
P. C. Jack, Mosely Baker, } San Felipe,

m21 29

DISSOLUTION.

THE compartnership herotofore existing, in the name and style of A.G.&R Mills is by mutual consent, this day dissolved, except in liquidation, those having claims against them will please present them for payment and those indebted are requested to make immediate payment, or satisfactory arrangements—otherwise indulgence will not be given.

A. G. Mills,
R. Mills.

N. B. The business will in future be conducted by Robert Mills and David G. Mills in the name & style of Robert Mills and Comp., and their goods will be sold at reasonable prices for cash or the usual credit, to punctual customers.

NOTICE.

No person is authorised to make any contracts by which the subscriber may bein any way responsible.

j22 JARED E. GROCE.

CAUTION.

I CAUTION all persons against trading for a note of hand given by me to Thomas Chambers, about November 1832, for the sum of three hundred dollars; for I am determined not to pay said note until said Chambers gives me the consideration for which the note was given—as yet I have not received any value for said note.

FRANCIS SMITH.

Mar. 7, 1835. 27—tf.

Notice.

ALL persons having claims against the estate of John Austin, dec'd. will present them to the undersigned for settlement; and all those indebted to said estate, will make payment to him and no other

j19-3 T. F. L. PARROTT.

For Rent.

THE estate late property of Edward Robertson deceased, will be leased for the term of one year. It is situated 3-4 of mile from town, and consists of about one hundred and twenty acres of land, twenty of which is cleared and under fence, a good house kitchen &.—Terms made known on application to

EDMUMD ANDREWS.

Brazoria, March 7th; 1835,

Notice.

ALL those indebted to the subscriber are requested to call and make settlement with Alex. Russell—and those having claims against him are requested to present them to said Russell for payment.

d6-e C. B. RAINES.

Velasco Hotel.

R. CLOKEY having taken the house formerly occupied by Mr. Brown, is now prepared to accommodate those who may favor him with their custom.

Notice.

THE undersigned gives this public notice that he has been appointed Agent for the different Insurance Companies in the city of New-Orleans; and whereas, in order the insurers may be the more fully satisfied of the fairness of all losses that may hereafter happen here or on the adjacent coast, certificates of the Agent will be required before any loss will be paid.

5-1 EDMUND ANDREWS.

CAUTION.

The public are informed that no person is authorised to settle any demands due me or to transact any business for me, without my written power of attorney—.

JOSEPH URBAN.

San Felipe de Austin, March 10th, 1835.3t.

Agreeable to a resolution passed at the last meeting of the board of medical censors for this jurisdiction, held in Brazoria on the 24th ult.; it was ordered that the following resolution be republished in the "Texas Republican for one month; viz:

Resolved, That the applicant for Licence, shall have received from some public School, Society, College or University, legally authorised, a degree or Bachelor or Doctor of Medicince or Surgery, or a Diploma or other certificate evidencing his capacity to practice Medicine, Surgery, &c. &. &c. When such degree, diploma, or certificate has not been obtained, the candidate for license shall submit to a satisfactory examination before the Board, and present and read a Medical essay and publicly defend it,

By order of the Board,

T. F. L. PARROTT.

Brazoria, March 14th, 1835.

Negroes, Land &c. for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale one thousand acres of land, being part of the league granted by the Mexican government to Chriesman, situated on the Brazos river adjoining Henry Jones. This is one of the first and best selections on the river and with the exception of about700 acres previously sold the purchaser has the privilege of making his choice and locating the quantity offered on any part of the balance of the league which has a great proportion of peach and cane on it.

I will also sell three or four negroes and about one hundred head of cattle of which there are about six wyoke of work oxen. The land will be sold in tracts to suit purchasers.

ENOCH JONES.

San Felipe, February 7, 1835.

New Goods

MANSON & BAILEY have Just received per schr Brazoria a fresh supply of winter and spring clothing, shoes, boots, and hats and dry goods, among which are—

Shirts, collars, and stocks,
Blue black and brown dress costs,
Blue, black and brown frock coats,
Green, drab, brown & black merino frock coats,
Dark & light drab petersham surtouts & Hunting coats Lion-skin do.
Superior brown, blue & drab cloaks,
Marseilles, valencia,black silk, Bombazine and black silk velvet vest's,
Blue, black brown & drab pantaloons,
Ladies kid, lasting prunello and morrocco shoes,
Gentlemens pumps, shoesand brogans,
Dark and light fancy prints, and calicoes,
Fancy ainted French muslins,
Plain bleached book muslin, mull, Jaconette and cambric do.

Brown and bleached shirtings & sheetings, Irish sheetings Irish Linens, some very superior plaids, checks, Linsey cotton flannels, grass & brown Linens, and a great variety of Fancy hdkfs and shawls, black & white hose & half hose, merinoes & velvits assorted collors spool cotten, ribbons, pins, and nedles and tapes, thimbles, scissors, pencils, coloured sewings & Linen threads, polished writing paper, quills, waters memorandus books, superior dirk & pen knives, silver & steel spectacles, Razors, and straps, shaving brushes & boxes, brass & Iron butts & door hinges knives & forks, cloth, hair hat & shoe brushes, tooth brushes, pocket books, gun locks & flints &c &c &c. all of which they will sell at very reduced prices for cash.

BRAZORIA FEBRUARY 7 1834.

Notice.

DURING my absence from Brazoria Hosea H. League and A. C. Ainesworth are my authorised agents and attorneys to transact all business for me. j31-23 M. W. SMITH.

To lease or for sale.

THE estate called Bolivar, 1500 acres of first rate peach and cane land, 60 acres cleared; a frame dwelling house and out buildings. The lessee could have a part of the land by purchase.

Also for sale, a league of first rate land on the La Bahia road, near Coles' settlement, known as league No. 4, south of the Yeagua. Mr. Christmen. surveyor, who resides on the second league from it, on the same road, will shew the land to any person wishing to view it. Apply to the subscriber at Bolivar.

j24-22 HENRY AUSTIN.

Wanted.

A first rate Sawyer and two good Carpenters, to work at the steam mills at Harrisburg.

j31-23 M. W. SMITH, Pres't. H. S. M.C.

TERMS:—

THE REPUBLICAN IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

F. C. GRAY,

And will be printed for subscribers every Saturday at $5 per annum, if paid at the end of six months, or $7, if not paid until the expiration of the year.

No discontinuance will be allowed except at the end of the year, and not then until all arrearages are paid.

Advertisements of eight lines or under $1 for the first insertion, and half that price for each continuance—longer ones in proportion—No advertisement will be withdrawn until paid for, but will be continued at the expense of the advertiser.

☞ All communications of a personal nature will be charged for the same as advertisements.

PROSPECTUS

FOR PUBLISHING A PAPER UNDER THE TITLE OF

THE TELEGRAPH AND TEXAS PLANTER.

THE undersigned propose to publish in the town of SAN FELIPE DE AUSTIN, a paper under the above title, the columns of which shall be devoted to the diffusion of political and other useful knowledge.

That this is the most eligible location for such an establishment, is evident, from the fact that it is the point where the communications from the interior are earliest received; and being a central place, papers may be distributed with facility to all parts of the country.

The Telegraph will be a tool to no party; but will fearlessly expose crime and political error wherever met with.—Its columns will be open to all; but the editors will reserve to themselves the right of rejecting such communications as they may deem unworthy or improper to be inserted.

The Telegraph will ever be ready to advocate such principles and measures as have a tendency to promote union between Texas and the Mexican Confederation, as well as to oppose every thing tending to dissolve or weaken the connexion between them.

The papers from the interior will be received, and every thing of importance to Texas will be immediately translated and inserted in this paper. Thus it will be rendered the most speedy vehicle for conveying to the people the information most importan to their interests. No pains will be spared to make this paper interesting to all classes of readers.

By pursuing this course, the editors hope to render the peopl of Texas a service so important, as to secure a liberal patronage.

JOSEPH BAKER,
GAIL BORDEN, JR.
JOHN P. BORDEN.

CONDITIONS.

The Telegraph will be printed every week, on a sheet larger than any hitherto published in Texas, at $5 per annum in advance, $6 at the expiration of six months, and $7 if not paid until the end of the year.

That the Telegraph may be more easily preserved in file, it will be printed in quarto form.

N. B. To facilitate the distribution of the papers, the proprietors will establish a Mail route from Columbia to Cole's settlement

Boarding School.

MISS TRASK respectfully announces to the public her intention of opening a Boarding School, for young ladies and misses, on the first of January, in Coles' Settlement:

Boarding per week, $ 2
Tuition per quarter, $6 to 10

For particulars, those interested are referred to
John P. Coles, Coles' Settlement,
Asa Hoxey, " "
Dr. J. B. Miller, San Felipe,
James F. Perry, Brazoria,
W. C. White, Columbia.

Coles' Settlement, Dec. 2, 1834.-19tf

Wanted.

A Gardener, also, a man to split several thousand rails—enquire at the printing office.

d27-19tf

THE

TEXAS REPU

VOLUME 1 BRAZORIA, SATURDAY 1

Curators Notice.

BY a decree of the proper Judge for the jurisdiction of Austin, passed on the 29 the day of December, 1834, in the town of San Felipe, and to be found on record at the court house in this town the 10th day of April next has been appointed for the creditors of the succession of Lewis L Veeder, deceased, to meet the Curator of said succession before the judge in the first instance for this jurisdiction, to have their respective claims discussed, and made out of the same, and in order that all may be heard, they can continue from day to day from the 10th to the 20th day of the said month of April, and further, by the same decree before named, the 20th day of April next, has been appointed for thebefore named curator to settle said succession before mentioned, make payment and distribution of the means on hand amongst the creditors thereof accordingly as they may be closed, for their "PRO RATA" shares—Therefore all persons interested can attend if they think proper —

I R LEWIS, Curator

San Felipe de Austin, January 4th 1835

ALL persons indebted to the subscriber are requested to make immediate payment, as further indulgencewill not be given.

M W SMITH.

j17 21

Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the estateof James J. Ross, will make immediate payment to the undersigned, and those having claims against said estate will present them duly authenticated within the time prescribed by law, or they will be barred

OLIVER JONES, Adm'r

San Felipe, Jan. 24, 1835

Notice.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he is now prepared to do all kind of black smith work on moderate terms for cash or approved notes payable on or before the 1st day of May next. All persons indebted will please call and settle their accounts. contracted in the years 1833 and 1834; otherwise their accounts will be found in the proper hand for collection, and all those having demands a gainst him will present the same for settlement.

f14-25 3

C LOGAN.

MISCELLANY.

A CRAB STORY.

"Let him who is Crab, be Crab still."—Such is the dicta the New York legislature, in a case vitally effecting the ma[illegible] prospects of an unfortunate gentleman, named ISAAC The story runs briefly thus. Mr Isaac Crab courted a your blooming damsel somewhere in the state of New York. T[illegible]dy of his love, liked Mr Crab mightily, but detested his unc[illegible] name amazingly. To gratify her *very reasonable* whim his n[illegible] Mr Crab applied to the legislature to have it changed to that [illegible] but that bod[illegible] composed, we have no doubt, of a *crabbe*[illegible] [illegible] for the unfortunate man's petition, by a vote of 1[illegible] [illegible] How Mr Crab looked and what he said [illegible] this uncerem[illegible] [illegible] of his parliamentary air-castle, [illegible] be better ima[illegible] [illegible] New York tra[illegible] draws the follo[illegible] [illegible] holy picture of his farewell visit to the abode of his dear[illegible] [illegible]

Now let us imagine for a moment what [illegible] the sequel to [illegible] ungallant rejection. Mr Isaac Crab [illegible] visit his Dulcine[illegible] He knocks at the door with a trembling [illegible] and while he w[illegible] waiting for it to be opened, [illegible] ears her say, 'It you'r [illegible] Harrison come in—it you're Crab st[illegible]'" He presently admitted, and his mistress, with a doubtful expression of countenance says 'Sir I [illegible] you as [illegible] Harrison, or M——— [illegible] I can't speak the [illegible] name—or Mr——

"Crab, madam, my name is still Crab. I am sorry to say it for your sake and for mine. But the Legislature have denied my [illegible] But will you also, my dulcinea persevere in denying it? Will you——?'

'Don't sidle up to me. I can't abide a critter that goes sideway. Keep your claws off of me.'

"Ah Cruel! shall I never have the pleasure of calling you Mrs. Crab? Shall no wedding Crab's club upon our knees to share our affections and our nests?"

No! I'll have no such critters prowling about me. The idea of it makes me crawl all over. I wonder the Legislature could be so unreasonable. I'm sure they must be all old men, or incorrigible [illegible]

'Whatever they may be there is no hopes from them at all. But why should a mere name separate two persons whose hearts are [illegible]?'

'Any other name I could abide—but to think of sleeping wit[illegible] you——

'We shall be Crabs together.'

'No! [illegible] I've told you often enough——'

'Is [illegible] Must I recede? Must I retrograde? Must I advance backwards?'

'Must you? [illegible] Crabs of your species are used to going backwards.'

Farewell unrelenting Legislature. Farewell, most prejudiced, unpoving world. Farewell all he anticipated joys and delights of matrimony. In a [illegible] will I drown myself. I'll make my bed in the deep, [illegible] waters with my fellow crabs.

'Then all ye loves [illegible] when you go
[illegible]
And [illegible] look,
Then think O think of me.

I died because I was a Crab
[illegible]
And let [illegible] Crab
For [illegible]

Ah [illegible] above my bones
There is [illegible] slab,
I lie among the [illegible] stones,
A poor lorgotten Crab."

—o—

PHRENOLOGICAL PUMPS.

Jack Downing has thought it worth while to try the experim of having his head examined by a P[illegible]logist. In his last letter he says, "I felt queer enough, when I found out my head so much like the Gineral's but still I thought likely enou would find some difference, as I and the Gineral don't exacti[illegible] agree on all pints exactly."

Some other examination took place, when, says the Major asked him in the thought I should have a Kitchen Cabinet, w[illegible] got to be President! At that, he puts his fingers along down a[illegible] above the cheek bones, pr[illegible]y near the temples, and says he, Major you will never be troubled much with Kitchen matters.

Then he run his fingers along over my eyebrows, and ol[illegible] so hard it seem'd as if I could see stars. And, says he Major, wonder you can't spell any better, and I don't think you can m[illegible] much of a speech, but you can write good letters for all that. Y[illegible] says I, and protests, and proclamations, and all such things, guess.

He run his hand over my forehead again, and says he, Maj[illegible] you have a keen nack of looking into things, here's casuality [illegible] round as an apple. Then he slipped his hand along back a li[illegible]tle to the edge of my hair, and says he, Major, I don't think y[illegible] can write poetry. Never mind that, says I, aunt Darkess can wri[illegible] as slick poetry as any there is a gowin now days, and she'll wri[illegible] for me any time.

At last says he, Major, you are an honest man and will alwa[illegible]